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Pancakes and Paper Planes



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Chapter 1 by Tova 'The MockingJay'

Prologue

Lauren Elizabeth Tanner was born November 10th 1980 in Sante Fe New Mexico. At age 15 she starred in a Broadway Production of The Little Mermaid as Ursula. This began her Hollywood Fame. Lauren has become one of the hottest movie, television and stage actresses over the past 20 years of her career.

She won a Best Actress Oscar for her work in The Paper Plane in 2015. Lauren grew up in a Middle-class family in New Mexico. She got her big break because her Drama Instructor saw talent and thought she would do well trying Broadway.

Lauren now is a full-time actress in both movies and television shows. She is very wealthy and lives in Beverly Hills.

She has one daughter.

Chapter One: Plasma Tv's and Porsches

The new 50-inch plasma TV shines brightly in the living room, almost pulling me in. I walk through the wide doorway, my hand brushing the smooth white trim. My mother is sprawled out on the red couch, her gaze focused on the wide TV.

"Hey, mom," I say, feeling a little uneasy. My mom has been working extra this past week. Her main TV show, Blessed and Cursed, has been pressed for time lately with a season special coming out, and she has been at the studio almost 24/7.

Her tired attitude has left me to fend for myself, and I haven't been doing very well. I rub my

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Instantly, they dropped into a conversation about the latest fashion trends, celebrity fashion, and more. I'll be back.

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The TV is showing a commercial for a facial cleanser, and I can see the beautiful, perfect face of my mother smiling in the advertisement. So many companies have hired her to display their product, and she is happy for more fame.

It's incredibly embarrassing to have your mother's face everywhere you look. It's like she's watching you. Then there is the Paparazzi. I refuse to let my mother take me to school because she is always hoarded by the paps. I always make sure her bodyguard Alex takes me instead. Alex is basically my father. Even though my real father is some random one night stand model for my mother to put on her belt.

When your parents live apart you realize there is a difference between father and dad.

The next morning I'm sitting at our huge granite island bar. I'm finishing the soggy remains of my cocoa puffs and milk when Alex saunters into the white-and-black-tiled kitchen. He tilts his blue baseball cap to me and grins sheepishly.

Resting his elbows on the gray table, he leans in near me.

"Are you excited for school today, dumpling?" he inquires, flashing his perfect white teeth. My mother has spent so much money on him, even that's not required. He gets payed enough already by my mother's rich manager.

I sigh, and look away. "Sure," I reply, remembering today's event. The prom is next weekend, and today is the prime time for boys to ask out the girls. Frankly, I'm more excited for the end of school rather than the dance.

"Think you'll score a date?" Alex teases. He pokes a finger at my tricep, then stands up, jingling his car keys in his big hands. "Ready to go, dumpling?"

I nod silently, then follow him out the mansion's door. My mother bought the huge place right after her first Oscar nomination. I really wish it could have been a little more subtle, but of course she had to buy the flashiest property in Beverly Hills.

She also bought Alex a black Mercedes last year, which I hate even more. At least it's better than her driving me to high school in her bright yellow Porsche. When I turn sixteen, I will literally burn whatever car she tries to give me.

The drive to Beverly Hills High School is short, but it gives me the chance to admire the other residents of other famous people. Some are small, but still expensive, while others are almost as

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Early June: After waving to the paparazzi, I get into the car with Alex.

The moment I push open the door, I see my mother

at Glam Weekly. This is the magazine that my mother is the editor of. She is talking about my mother being her bodyguard.

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"What do you think of that, Micah?" Austin asks, mocking. The girl has been my mortal enemy all through junior high, and now into high school. And she's always been in pretty much all of my classes.

"It's great, Austin! Really great. Good job," I say with immense sarcasm.

"Are you being sarcastic with me Micah?" comes the snarky reply.

I sigh, then push past Austin on my way to first period. She doesn't bother to follow me. First period Math is the only class I have without her this year, and I am hoping to keep it that way. I hear quiet whispers about me as I stalk down the long hallway. Other students have always been so impressed with the fact that my mother is the amazing and beautiful Lauren Tanner, the star of Hollywood. If I wanted to, I could be the most popular girl in school. I'd have tons of friends, every boy crushing on me, I could have almost anything if I was like my mother. If I had wanted I probably could have gotten homework passes and free cheat sheets for tests. The only problem was that people referred to me more as Lauren Tanner's daughter than Micah.

At lunch a few hours later, I sit myself down at the table at the back of the cafeteria, where I sit everyday. My iPhone 6 bing's with a text message from my mom. It says 'Honey Cakes Alex is picking you up early from school for a party'.

I roll my eyes. Another attempt by my mother at being a good parent.

After desperately gobbling up the remains of my sandwich, I stand and scurry out of the lunchroom. Alex is waiting for me by the school's front doors, and he leads me to the Porsche. At least school is still in session. Why isn't he driving his Mercedes?

Alex begins driving quickly through the streets, passing by all the wonderful houses.

"So where are we going?" I ask.

"Some B&C party," comes the reply. "I believe your mother wants to introduce you to a boy."

Chapter 2 by Tova 'The MockingJay'



Chapter Two: Puff Pastries and Parties

A boy. A boy. What is my mom thinking. We go to parties all the freaking time. Mom says it's for fun. Alex says it's good press. I say it's boring.

After driving for another fifteen minutes, Alex finally pulls up to a mansion that resembles and

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He helps me get out of the car and we walk up the steps to the front door. I can't help but think about the things I would never be caught dead with. I mean, I told her I would never be caught dead with a

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to blend in but no! She has to give me the opposite a dress that shows way too much skin and basically requires a thong.

I know in my heart that my mother really does love me and she wants to express it but she doesn't know how to. When I was 14 I got diagnosed with a fairly common Anxiety Disorder. I was told I had nothing to worry about. But that's just the problem, I worry about everything. I had my first panic attack when I was at a movie premiere. I was crowded with reporters asking me questions about what I thought of my mother's role. I just couldn't take it and I freaked out and ran away. I had a full panic attack in my mom's dressing room. My mother wasn't there for me. I had no one except Alex. My mother came too see if I was okay when we got home. After I had just spent the last 6 hours crying in the dressing room. I had managed to get away from the cameras before it happened, but Alex told everyone that I had to go number two.

Embarrassment city! At least he was trying to help.

My mother was not worried. She looked it up on Google and found out that all I needed to do was breathe. Great advice mom! You never told me you went to medical school! I'm pretty sure I do that already!

Anyway, it only got worse. I tried everything from anxiety pills and medicine. I tried counseling. My mom hired a person I could tell my fears and worries to. Nothing worked even after the countless doctors appointments. Once they diagnosed me with an anxiety disorder my mother even suggested a psych ward institution. But Alex just said flat out no to that. Thank god I have at least one sensible person looking out for me. He took my mom into her personal living room and shut the door hoping I couldn't hear but I could.

He said "Lauren, just because Micah has an anxiety disorder does not mean she is mental or unstable or anything. I will not let you take her to one of those insane asylum."

Back into reality, I look at myself in the full length mirror. I have no makeup on and my mom will kill me. I am never wear makeup unless my mom forces me to. Which happens a lot.

"There you are, beautiful." My mother is standing in the bathroom door. "Alex told me you were here. Can I put on some mascara on your beautiful face?"

"Sure. But only mascara." If I didn't I would get a full makeover.

"Of course, sweetling," she says in her sugar-coated voice she usually reserves for when she

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In most respects I was not very well known. If you look up Lauren Tanner on Wikipedia you will notice it only mentions that she has one daughter. My mother never really mentions me in press because no one ever asks and in her mind she is much more important than anyone else.

My mother brings her entire team with her to all her parties. Her Manager, Kevin, Her Agent, Victoria, her PR , Kendall, her Publicist, Kat, Her makeup and Hair team, Wes and Blair, Her Stylist, Remy, Alex and me. That is just her daily team. She has a monster squad of other famous friends and plus ones not to mention the endless jobs that my mother always has to do.

"There, my little duckling is ready." That is my mother's form of endearment and trust me that is as good as it gets. More than once I have question my mother ability to parent. She never told me I was a mistake. She told me my father was a Turkish prince who was supposed to marry another princess. They fell in love and well I came 9 months later. She said that he never knew I existed (Not a good thing to tell your kids ever) because he had to marry her anyways. She couldn't tell him I was born because they would both get in trouble. And I believed her crap with all my 6 year old heart. I thought I was a Turkish-American Princess waiting for my Prince Charming. I never thought twice about the facts. After all I was a very naive child. I thought Santa Claus, The Easter Bunny and The Tooth Fairy were still real long past the sell by date of when that was exceptable.

1. I did not look Turkish.
2. I never got a tiara I asked for time and time again.
3. Whenever I mentioned it to other people who knew my mother but weren't close enough to get the cue: Act like the Princess story is real. They seemed awfully confused.
4. Once I snuck into the study and looked up the Prince of Turkey. Not only were the result meaningless but none of the picture looked the in the slightest like me.

Then when I was 7, Kevin, my mothers manager told me the truth. In many respects Kevin was my favorite besides Alex. But he was also a dream crusher. Kevin not only told me flat out I wasn't a princess - waaaah waaaah - but that I was a mistake from one of many of my mother One night stands. He also told me Unicorns didn't exist and that Santa Claus was really my mother. Which left me with one huge question: if my mother is Santa, then how come she doesn't have a beard? I was crushed when I found out. And I was more crushed at my mother

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to the food table. I take a cream cheese puff pastry and a chocolate chip muffin and stuff them in my mouth. I grab another handful of potato chips and am about to retreat to the corner when I see my mother beckoning me.

Sighing in disgust, I follow her bidding to where she is standing.

"Micah," she calls. "I believe you must have met Jaimie Garner." She gestures to the familiar face of my mother's co-star and best friend. I give the woman a slight wave and she nods back.

"But who I really want you to meet," my mom continues. "Is her son, Nicholas."

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